Seung Hui Cho's "Manifesto"

Cho sent what has been described as a "multimedia manifesto" to MSNBC on the day of his attack at Virginia Tech. This included 23 pages of photographs and text. This document contains the text.

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p. 1 Oh the happiness I could have had mingling among you hedonists, being counted as one of you, only if you didn't fuck the living shit out of me.

You could have been great. I could have been great. Ask yourself what you did to me to have made me clean the slate.

p. 2 Only if you could be the victim of your reprehensible and wicked crimes, you Christian Nazis, you would have brute-restrained your animal urges to fuck me.

You could be at home right now eating your fucking caviar and your fucking cognac, had you not ravenously raped my soul.

p. 3 For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. Can you feel the pain that you fucked us in, you Descendants of Satan? Well, can you feel it?

p.4 All the shit you've given me, right back at you with hollow points. [photograph of hollow point bullets]

Don't you just wish you finished me off when you had the chance? Don't you just wish you killed me?

p. 5 You had a hundred billion chances and ways to have avoided today, but you decided to spill my blood. You forced me into a corner and gave me only one option. The decision was yours. Now you have blood on your hands that will never wash off, you Apostles of Sin.

p. 6 Congratulations. You have succeeded in extinguishing my life. Vandalizing my heart wasn't enough for you. Raping my soul wasn't enough for you. Committing emotional sodomy on me wasn't enough for you. Every single second wasted on your wanton hedonism and menacing sadism could have been used to prevent today. Ask yourselves, What was I doing all this time? All these months, hours, seconds. Only if you could have been the victim of your crimes. Only if you could have been the victim …

p. 7 To you sadistic snobs, I may be nothing but a piece of dog shit. You have vandalized my heart, raped my soul, and torched my conscious again and again. You thought it was one pathetic, void life that you were extinguishing. Thanks to you, I die, like Jesus Christ, to inspire generations of the Weak and Defenseless people – my Brothers, Sisters, and Children – that you fuck.

Like Moses, I spread the sea and lead my people – the Weak, the Defenseless, and the Innocent Children of all ages that you fucked and will always try to fuck – to eternal freedom. Thanks to you Sinners, you Spillers of Blood, I set the example of the century for my Children to follow.

p. 8 You may stand steadfast on the battlefield of your life's dedication to eternal terrorism American Al-Qaeda, but the Children that you have fucked will rise. By the power greater than God

we will hunt you down, you Lovers of Terrorism, and we will kill you.

Do they wanna fuck us and pretend to be devout Christians? Do they wanna smear dog shit on our face then give us a dirty towel to wipe away? Do they wanna rape us then give us stained toilet paper to clean up? Do they wanna cut our throat then give us a used band aid to patch up? Do they wanna perpetrate endless sessions of crucifixions and holocausts on our innocent life then go to church and praise the Lord and Jesus? Do they wanna fuck us and pretend to be Jesus Christ? I say we're the Jesus Christs, my Brothers, Sisters, and Children. Jesus Christ exists in us all: Ax Jesus Christ, John Jesus Christ, Jane Jesus Christ, Seung Jesus Christ, Carlos Jesus Christ, Hakeem Jesus Christ, Mohammad Jesus Christ, Zhang Jesus Christ, Oliver Jesus Christ, Elizabeth Jesus Christ, Vladimir Jesus Christ. _____ Jesus Christ. I say there is no pain they can inflict on us that they haven't already inflicted. I say they can't fuck us any more than they have already done. I say there are no lies they can say about us that they haven't already said. I say fuck you, you Descendants of Satan Disguised as Devout Christians. I say we take up the cross, take up our guns and knives and hammers, and take no prisoners and spare no lives until our last breath and last ounce of energy.

p. 9 Seer of Veracity. Seal of the Anti-Terrorist.

p. 10 Number of the Anti-Terrorist. [photograph of hand-drawn "88" with the numbers overlapping[1]]

You wanna rape us John Mark Karrs? You wanna rape us Debra LaFaves? Fuck you.

p. 11 By destroying we create. We create the feelings in you of what it is like to be the victim, what it is like to be fucked and destroyed. Because of your annihilations, we create and raise new breeds of Children who will show you fuckers what you have done to us. Like Easter, it will be a day of rebirth. It will be a start of a revolution of the Children that you fucked. You have never felt a single ounce of pain your whole life, thus, by destroying you, by giving you pain, we attempt to show you responsibilities and meanings of other people's lives.

p. 12 It's grand for you to fuck us 24/7 for fun, but we can't have a single minute of harmless playtime, only suffer. It's dandy for you to rape us, but we're not allowed to even speak, only be raped? Fuck you.

You love to pretend to, but you Hedonists, Charlatans, Sadists, Rapists, Terrorists will never know the feelings of giving up your lives for a cause. You have never felt a single ounce of pain in your hedonistic lives. You will never give up a single can of your Bud Light, a shot of your cognac, or a half-drop of your own precious blood for another human being, only fuck the shit out of him and lie afterwards. You fucked us, now we fuck you, now we kill you. There can be no lighter penalty for Masqueraded Democratic Terrorists who commit unforgivable acts of treason against mankind. There is no where in the world you can run, you Lovers of Terrorism. There is nowhere in the world you can hide, you Lovers of Sadism. You will never know when and where the Weak and Defenseless that you fucked will strike – day, night, at school, in the public, in your home, during your most comfortable hour and protected place. You will never know how we will kill you – slash your throat, bullet in your back, torture you with knives, hammers, bolt cutters, scissors. You will always live in fear. You will never be able to go to school or work or rest or sleep. Your heart will always pound nonstop. Your sin-ridden soul will slowly eat up your conscious for the heinous crimes you

1 Cho sent a letter to the English department the day of the attack. He used a false name (A. Ishmael) and false return address: 88 Revol Dr. The number 88 was significant to him but the significance is a mystery. The "Revol" may be short for "revolution." See page 20 of the manifesto: "Let the revolution begin!"

have committed. So if you don't want to die a painful death, do yourself a favor, do yourself a coup de grace, and kill yourself clean or you will endure pains you can never feel but with our hands. Kill yourself or we will hound you down and rip you, all your friends, and all your family into small pieces.

p. 13 We have no sympathy in killing humans who have no respect for other people's lives.

p. 14 Now that the slate has been cleaned and you have the world's attention, the question is what are you going to do? Are you going to admit the truth or are you going to stand resolute on your mission to eternally fuck the Weak and the Defenseless and lie about it? Are you still going to use your power and manipulate the truth to end up with some sort of profit as you have always done? Are you going to skip over all the crimes you've committed and act as victims to the world so you can suck in millions of donation money to turn the situation into a profit? Your two million dollar house wasn't enough? Your BMW wasn't enough? Your inheritances weren't enough? You have to fuck and steal form the Poor and the Weak who have nothing in order to gratify your fucking pride and hedonism? What are you going to do with the blood money? Buy a new Mercedes? You want to brainwash your bratty, snobby kids that its right to steal from the poor, the Weak, and the Defenseless to always stay in power? The fat surpluses that you roll on everyday aren't enough? Fuck you. Your answer rings loud and clear. I saw we take up the cross, Children of Ishmael, take up our guns and knives and any sharp objects, and take no prisoners and spare no lives until our last breath and last ounce of energy.

p. 15 The blood of the Innocents should never be shed, but the wicked we shall spread our wings and strike. We do not want the Weak, the Defenseless, or the Innocent, but the sadistic, the corrupt, and the wicked who prey and rape from the Weak, the Defenseless, and the Innocent. We will seek and demolish them until our last breath. You Lifetakers may have succeeded in raping our souls and shattering our dreams – but mark our words – the vendetta you have witnessed today will reverberate throughout every home and every soul in America and will inspire the Innocent kids that you have fucked to start a war of vendetta. We will raise hell on earth that the world has never witnessed. Millions of deaths and millions of gallons of blood on the streets

p. 16 will not quench the avenging phoenix that you have caused us to unleash. Generation after generation, we martyrs, like Eric and Dylan, will sacrifice our lives to fuck you thousand folds for what you Apostles of Sin have done to us.

Pain of every atom between air and water, sky and ground, heaven and hell, life and death wouldn't begin to explain the experience that we went through under your wrath.

What did you expect me to do, you violators of human rights?

p. 17 As the time approached, I wished for a last minute miracle and discard this mission you've given me. Heaven knows I wouldn't hurt a single leaf of a flower. But when the time came, I did it. I had to. What other choices did you give me? All this time… You never know that a human being is capable of doing until you fuck him to the edge.

When you're raped of everything, you got nothing to lose.

p. 18 If you have a single milligram of conscience, a grain of integrity, a speck of heart, you will kill yourself for all the lives you have brutally extinguished.

Can you now see all that used to be, all that could have been, and all that is to come, you Sadistic Charlatans.

p. 19 All of you who have ever been fucked by these Descendants of Satan Disguised as Devout Christians, all of you who have went through what I went through, all of you who have felt what I have felt in my life, all of you who have suffered the wrath of these Democratic Terrorists, all of you who have been beaten, humiliated, and crucified – Children of Ishmael, Crusaders of Anti-Terrorism, my Jesus Christ Brothers and Sisters – you're in my heart. In life and death and spirit.

We'll soon be together.

p. 20 Let the revolution begin!

p. 21 Die you Descendants of Satan! Fuck you, and die now!

I am Ax Ishmael. I am the Anti-Terrorist of America.

p. 22 [no text]

p. 23 Are you happy now that you have destroyed my life? Now that you have stolen everything you could from me? Now that you have gone on a 9/11 on my life like fucking Osama. Now that you have fucked your own people like fucking Kim Jong-Il. Now that you have gone on a hummer safari on my life like fucking Bush? Are you happy now?